

The Latin School Register

1635
month 20
Aug 13th

*Likewise y was then genally agreed
upon y^t o^r brother, Philemon Pormont,
shalbe intreated to become Schole-
master, for y^e teaching & nourter-
ing of children wth vs.*

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Latin School Register.

Vol. XV.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 2

LIFE.

Life! what is life? It is that awful gift
Which human hands unable are to give;
Which causes trees their waving tops to lift,
And gives the humblest flower the right to live.

Man copies Nature in her wondrous art,—
The beautiful he loves to imitate;
Yet here he faileth—he cannot impart
The power of life to things inanimate.

The merest infant, wand'ring o'er the mead,
Attracted by some gayly-colored flower,
In thoughtless cruelty plucks up the weed,
And thus destroys that heavenly-granted power.

Yet what he doth so carelessly disperse,
And, playing on, gives thought to it no more,
The wisdom of th' entire universe
Is utterly unable to restore.

The power of life is an unfathomed mine,
Which never will its buried treasure yield,
Unless, in years to come, by Will Divine,
The secret shall to mortals be revealed.

Nor yet is felt by me the least desire
To overreach the present ample bond
Of knowledge. I would pass to something
higher,
And live the life awaiting me beyond.

H. S. B., '98.

TWENTY DOLLARS.

I did not at all like the idea of travelling through that wild country with so much money; but what could I do? I had been collecting the company's bills and had to get the money safely back to them. So I determined to take the ten o'clock train from Vulture station that evening. In that way I could go to Walnut

Grove and so on to Prescott, where I could connect with the Atlantic and Pacific and reach the headquarters of the firm at Santa Fé.

With a day before me I sauntered idly about the town. It was an exact fac-simile of every other Arizona town I had visited, with its store, where the mail was delivered, its dusty "green" or open area of sand, around which were grouped the main buildings of the settlement, the small court-house, the still smaller station. The heat of the August sun was powerful,—and Arizona heat is indeed terrific! The very air seemed to burn, and the parched plain, stretching afar in the distance, was like the top of a hot stove, from which the fumes of torrid warmth quivered up into the air. The sky was cloudless, blue, vast. Not a speck could be seen except some distant vulture, sailing out of human vision in burning space.

I soon retreated to the shade of the station, where I spent the weary hours reading the advertisements in a week-old newspaper, conning the time-table, consulting my watch to see how long I had still to wait, and making designs in the dust on the window-sill. Then I idly examined my clothing, tested the security of every coat button, wondered where each spot originated, and how long the coat would wear. Then I investigated my shoe leather, and noticed that the sole of my boot was worn quite through and needed repairing.

After exhausting such interesting forms of entertainment, I was about to take a nap, when it occurred to me that it would be more prudent to transfer my money, which was entirely in bills, to an inner vest pocket. The station keeper went out a moment to attend to the slight baggage which was to be sent on the night train. While he was gone I was alone in the station, and I took advantage of that solitary moment to transfer my bills. Having

so done, I walked out, chatted with the station keeper, and then returned.

I did not really intend to go quite to sleep; but the heat and exhaustion overcame me, and I slept. I slept soundly, too, for the sun had set when I awoke, and the station keeper was lighting his greasy kerosene lamp. What first attracted my notice was the gleam of this luminary; but I had hardly become thoroughly awakened, when my eyes beheld something on the dirty station floor which gave me a start. It was a crisp twenty-dollar bill! Had I been robbed? I frantically fumbled in my vest pocket. The money was there! I must have dropped the bill when I put the roll in my inner pocket. Just then I heard a heavy tread on the platform outside and very low voices,—so low, in fact, that I scarcely heard them.

"Stranger's got some cash."

"So?"

"A good deal. He goes to Walnut on the ten o'clock. Let's go along, too, and do him. We can. He's easy."

A silence.

"Come on, Joe."

"No. Don't believe he's got any. Besides, I've got to go to the ranch to-night."

I was about to pick up the bill when a number of men entered the station. I did not wish them to see me with money on my person, as they would surely do should I lean over and pick up the stray banknote. So I quietly placed my foot upon it, and commenced to read the paper, intending to recover my money when alone. Under the protection of the newspaper I examined the newcomers narrowly.

They numbered four, three rough-looking men and a woman, who seemed to have nothing to do with the others, for she took her seat on a bench apart from them and looked out of the window. She was pale and thin, with a mournful, yet beautiful, expression, and about thirty years of age. She went timidly to the little window and bought a ticket for Walnut Grove. She expressed surprise upon hearing that she must wait for the train until ten, but accepted the situation with a patience which a life of disappointment seemed to have taught her.

The men meanwhile stood in the doorway where they might catch whatever breeze was stirring. They were in the full light, their profiles outlined against the gathering darkness without. One of them was a large, powerful, brutish fellow, flushed, but not overcome, with drink, wearing two pistols in his belt and scenting the room with the odor of whiskey. He took the lead in the conversation, and seemed accustomed to bully and entertain.

Although no remarks were addressed to me, I could see that the men looked at me occasionally from under the brims of their sombreros; so I durst not move my foot from the bill, but read on, without comprehending a word.

As the night advanced, several others came in and engaged in conversation and loud laughter, until some one made a move to adjourn to the saloon across the "square."

"Drink, stranger?" asked one of them, as the crowd issued forth from the station. I excused myself as best I might, telling that hospitable citizen of Vulture that I might stay too long and miss my train.

My mental relief was great when I saw the company departing, for, thought I, I can now secure my money. What was my surprise to see the rough fellow before mentioned linger behind, although all the others, even the station master, repaired to the store for "drinks." The truth was that the crowd was now entertained by another favorite, a little larger, funnier and tougher than my companion; so he had slunk away in great disgust and remained in the station while the others visited the saloon. He and the woman and I were the only ones left; and as I watched the bugs and moths, attracted by the lamplight, blunder in at the door, I expected he would open a conversation with me.

I nervously pressed my foot on the floor. It seemed as if that bill were burning through the sole of my boot; and I did not know just how to recover it without being seen. At last I thought it would be best to take it up openly, whatever consequences might ensue; but I remembered the remark I overheard from this same man's lips about "doin' the stranger," so I hesitated. I noticed he was watching me!

He said nothing, however, and finally walked to the other side of the room where the woman was seated. He took a plug of very black tobacco from his pocket and gnawed off an end. Then, turning to the woman he said, with a frightful leer, "Have a chaw?"

The woman hurriedly refused, and looked out of the window; but the man wished to talk. The poor woman paid no attention to his remarks, until he commenced to crack coarse jokes, when she turned a frightened look on the man standing before her. I was about to interfere when I thought of the money under my foot and stopped. I would wait a little longer. A short silence followed, during which the rough smiled sweetly and I saw a tear brimming over the timid woman's eyelid.

Suddenly the man made a remark to hear which addressed to a woman made me start from my seat. "Hang the money!" I muttered, as I strode over and laid my hand with no gentle force on the man's shoulder.

"Let her alone!" said I.

I could have had no conception of the wrath my interference would arouse in that man's mind. He turned and glared at me in a perfect torrent of rage. Used to bully, he could not bear being ordered. His anger deprived him of speech, but he gasped at me and made a grab for his revolver. I really believe he would have shot me on the spot. Arizona is a wild place, and this was the wildest specimen I had yet encountered.

I had no fancy for being shot; so, as I saw and realized the man's intention, I sprang at him and grasped him firmly about the waist, pinning his arms to his side. But I found I had undertaken too much. The man was far stronger than I, and slowly but surely he tugged his hand toward his pistol. I hung on tight, straining every muscle, for now it was a matter of life and death. All this time we stood perfectly still, glaring at one another. The woman, seeing that I was weakening, quietly stepped up behind my antagonist and drew both pistols from his belt! Her boldness so overcame her, however, that she stood there dazed, holding the weapons in her hands.

Infuriated at this trick, and regardless of the

fact that he was wholly at the woman's mercy, the rough fell upon me with all his strength and tried to throw me to the floor. The struggle was terrific. I was slowly bending back, back, back, and over. I made a last effort, but in vain. My strength was gone and my opponent threw me heavily to the floor. The fall dazed me, but he fared much worse, for his head struck the iron foot-rest of the stove, and he lay on me stunned and well-nigh senseless.

Just then I heard a rumble of wheels, heard the station master's voice outside, and saw the train roll heavily by, with its great light glaring in the darkness like the eye of a cyclops. I quickly extricated myself from my opponent's grasp and scrambled aboard the train immediately behind the woman, who created no small sensation by entering the car with a revolver in each hand.

She thanked me with tears in her eyes, and, still trembling, handed over the firearms to my keeping. She was only going to the next station, so I bundled up my coat for a pillow and she took a brief nap.

When she had left me at Walnut Grove, I leaned back in my seat and thought over the day's results. I was going back to the office minus twenty dollars and plus a sore head. However, I philosophically prepared for a sound sleep until I should arrive at my destination. There were but few other men in the car, all sleeping or dozing, so I took off my boots and was about to curl up on the seat when I heard a crackling sound as of paper in my boot.

There, half inside, half out, stuck in the rent in the sole of my shoe, was the twenty dollar bill, which had evidently been shoved in and fixed by the force of my foot when I sprang to the poor woman's assistance. The bill restored to a safe place with its companions was a good salve for a sore head, so I turned over and slept.

SCHOOL NOTES.

*"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent it."*

Our library is now open every day during the long recess. Members of the first, second and

third classes have free use of it, and boys in lower classes may use it by obtaining a note from their respective teachers. All those who go to the library should remember that a library is a place for study and reading,—not a place for talking, or a room for pugilistic and other violent encounters. No one is allowed to take a book from the library shelves; but if he notifies the custodian what book he wants, it will be immediately given to him. For books to be taken home there are special cards. Get your book from the custodian, fill out the blanks of the card and take both book and card to Mr. Jones, Room 16. The books must also be returned to Mr. Jones. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the class of book colloquially known as a "horse," *alias* "trot," *alias* "pony" will not be lent to boys in constant and intimate communication with the classics.

These regulations are especially emphasized because there was no small trouble caused by disregarding them last year.

Mr. Jackson has again assumed his superintendence of the physics class.

On Friday afternoon, October 5, there was held a meeting of the first class for the election of class officers and of the committees. The following is the result:—

Class President—M. H. Rogers; Secretary—T. M. McLachlan.

Dance Committee—E. E. Davidson, H. E. Stephenson, C. C. Miller, J. H. Bufford, T. Ordway.

Photograph Committee—W. Blair, J. A. Brant, W. Edmunds, J. A. Kane, C. J. Lane.

Pin Committee—F. W. Doherty, C. B. Sawyer, J. J. Curran, W. K. Mitchell, C. S. Oakman.

The chairmen of these committees are yet to be chosen.

One more committee remains to be chosen: viz., that which is to arrange the class-day exercises, February 22, '96.

H. W. Smith, who fractured his leg in the game with Charlestown High, is mending rapidly. We all hope to see him among us very soon.

A. A. Libby, ex-'95, who left this school and graduated from E. H. S. in '94, is now at Harvard, in the Lawrence Scientific School.

A. E. Marr, ex-'97, visited the school one day last week and renewed acquaintance with many of his old classmates in the Junior class.

T. P. Hession, ex-'98, is a senior at Dorchester High School, where he gives good promise of winning a position on the eleven.

J. J. McLaughlin, ex-'94, who, it will be remembered, has kindly assisted as accompanist in the prize declamations of '94 and '95, and class exercises of '95, is winning laurels in pursuit of his musical studies at the New England Conservatory, whence he is to graduate this year.

Room 7 heads the subscription list to the REGISTER with forty-one names.



"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."

The officers meet Captain Paget every Wednesday in the drill hall and receive instructions for the following week. At present they are practising the new manual of arms.

The companies are to receive the guns very soon, and we hope that all may learn the manual quickly, in order that we may progress in the more difficult company movements.

Don't be afraid of dazzling your companies by wearing your new hats, officers, for they will have to be worn some time.

F. W. Doherty has resigned his office as the captain of Company B, and will be succeeded by C. H. Staples.

Cowee, the second lieutenant at West Roxbury this year, is an ex-'96 man.

ATHLETICS.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

[During the absence of H. W. Smith, the regular sporting editor, I am obliged to W. P. Rankin, of the football eleven, for accounts of the games and other news on athletic subjects.—ED.]

FOOT-BALL.

The following games have been played by the team: Saturday, Sept. 21, at Andover, B. L. S. 6—Phillips Academy 0; Wednesday, Sept. 25, on Clover Field, B. L. S. 16—Charlestown High 4; Saturday, Sept. 28, at Campello, Campello A. A. 16—B. L. S. 0; Monday, Sept. 30, at College Hill, Tufts Varsity 14.—B. L. S.—0; Saturday, Oct. 5, at Groton, 22—B. L. S. 0; Wednesday, Oct. 9, at Allston, Allston 4—B. L. S. 4.

To a person ignorant of the method on which our foot-ball team is run, the results of the games played thus far are doubtless unsatisfactory. It is true we have won few games, but one must take into consideration the size of our opponents and their better facilities for training. The scores will show that we have more than held our own with teams that were our superiors in weight.

A boarding-school of the best class is willing to spend a great deal of money on athletics. These schools have fine gymnasiums, lockers and shower baths, all of which tend to make training pleasant.

Moreover, all of the games that we lost were on our opponents' home-grounds where they had a crowd to support them. A team cannot play its best game when there is no one to urge them on to do their best. There is nothing like good support from the school to make a team play its best game.

I have said these things to show the school that our team has just as good a chance for the championship as any other team. I can truthfully state that the management is very well satisfied with the work done so far, and expects that the team will make a creditable showing in the League games.

In regard to the method on which our team is run, this is the idea in general. The first games of the season are with large teams, and in these games the team gets a great deal of hard work. Before the League season begins,

games are played with teams of the Junior League and with teams of our own size and skill. The object in playing these games is to perfect our interference and to find the faults in the team, so they can be remedied before the League games. Then come the League games. This year we hope to put ourselves in a position in the League that will bring credit upon the team and upon the school.

Boys, it depends largely on you whether or not our team comes out on top or on the bottom in the League. *You* owe it to the school and to the fellows who are willing to practice every afternoon during the season, to attend every game that you possibly can, and cheer and encourage your team. If you will do your share, I am sure that the team will do theirs by playing good games of foot-ball.

FROM FOREIGN TONGUE.

Striduunt silvae: "They stride through the forest."

From the German (*of special interest to officers in the battalion*): "A colonel of a certain regiment met his lady friend after dress-parade, and she remarked that the parade was so excellent that she would like to shake hands with every private.

" 'Only kiss me,' said the colonel, 'instead of shaking hands with them all.' "

Calidos latices expediunt: "They prepare hot drinks."

Get out your French dictionaries and answer this French conundrum:

Je suis le capitaine de vingt-cinq soldats, et, sans moi, Paris serait pris.

Instructor: "Well, Blank, how do you translate *atri velleris agnam*?"

Blank: "I don't—er—(as he thinks he understands what his neighbor is telling him) "O yes,—*A lamb with black fleas.*"

Our Latin vocabulary tells us that "*Aries*" = a ram. Now surely a ram is a butter.

But the vocabulary also states that "*Aries*" = a buttress.

If a ram is a butter, then a buttress is a sheep. Then *aries* is masculine and feminine.

How about this, Mr. Chadwick? Q. E. D.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

H. L. SEAVER, - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
 C. S. OAKMAN, - - LITERARY EDITOR
 E. E. DAVIDSON, - MILITARY EDITOR
 H. W. SMITH, - - SPORTING EDITOR

C. C. MILLER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Published at the BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass. Issued every month from September to June inclusive.

Terms: Fifty cents per year, delivered at the school. By mail, Sixty cents. Single copies, Ten cents.

R. H. BLODGETT & Co., PRINTERS, 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

OCTOBER, 1895.

IN the history of any great and old institution, especially if it be a good and beneficent one, the first chapter of its existence is almost always enveloped in doubt and obscurity. If it is old the records and documents are lost, if it is good there are many rival disputants claiming its merits for themselves.

Even so with the Latin School. Tangible evidence has afforded us the actual date of the founding of the school and we know the names of the earlier instructors. But aside from the mere names we know very little.

It will be well, therefore, for the REGISTER to recall to its readers, and above all to the boys in the Latin school, some of the early instructors and customs of the oldest free school in the land.

Philemon Pormort's reign over Latin school students was very brief, extending over some three years. There is no record of his death, but it is highly probable that he, too, met the fate of Xerxes. Mr. Pormort's successor was a divine, a graduate of an English college, and quite as much an impersonal myth as his predecessor. An old religious work states that the promulgation of the gospel was largely advanced because God "called to the office of Pastor one Mr. Maude, both godly and diligent in the work." Whether he was as able to expound the principles of Latin Grammar as to expound the doctrines of his faith is a matter of question.

Then followed a master who rejoiced in the name of Woodmansey. Mr. B. Thompson, the next master, was "the renowned poet of New England," according to his epitaph. History

can hardly be called complete whose only documents are found in the church-yard.

Ezekiel Cheever was the first truly famous principal of the Latin school. He taught for thirty-seven years, vigorously and ably, and died while still holding his office. Mr. Cheever is better known than any of the other of those early masters of the Latin school, and many reminiscences of him are recorded. He used to wear a long, white beard, which terminated in a point, and whenever the worthy gentleman was so worked up as to stroke his beard even to the tip, the boys knew it was time to "stand from under." Master Cheever made his boys perform some tasks that would seem very burdensome to a modern Latin school boy. The classes had to turn *Aesop's Fables* into Latin *verse*. Latin syntax was then, as now, the subject of more or less dispute between pupil and preceptor. The Rev. John Barnard, who was a scholar under Mr. Cheever, says in his autobiography: "I remember once, in making a piece of Latin, my master found fault with the syntax of one word, which was not so used by me carelessly, but designedly, and, therefore, I told him that there was a plain grammar rule for it. He angrily replied there was no such rule. I took the grammar and showed the rule to him. Then he smilingly said, 'Thou art a brave boy; I had forgot it.' And no wonder; for he was then above eighty years old."

Mr. Williams, who followed Mr. Cheever, had been that instructor's assistant and also a graduate of the school. He had originally fitted for a missionary to the West Indies, but began his charity nearer home.

Mr. Williams' assistant was John Lovell, who succeeded him. John Lovell was master for forty-two years and ruled so rigidly and even roughly that he was heartily disliked and feared by his pupils. The school at that time contained seven classes, to each of which a long bench was assigned. The head-master had his desk in one corner and his son, who taught penmanship, had one in another. The weapon of punishment was a ferrule,—one blow for the slightest offence, and from that, graded up in delicate shades of difference. "Old Gaffer," as Master Lovell was called, was not so skilled

in the art of administering this punishment as his son; but the latter, from long practice, had acquired great force and facility. The motion of his arm during such an operation was often figuratively likened to a flail!

School was closed during war time, but was reopened in 1776, under Samuel Hunt; and several teachers of little fame succeeded. In 1814, Mr. Benjamin A. Gould took charge of the school, and during his fourteen years of mastership did much to improve and advance the school. He began the school library and devoted Saturday morning to declamation. How should we like to go to school Saturdays and learn a declamation every week?

Well, these are matters of the past, and "Let the dead past bury its dead."

We will ramble no further in the school's history. The later masters let later REGISTERS describe.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges from far and near: *The University Review*, from Lawrence, Kan.; *The Dartmouth*, from Hanover, N. H.; *The Breeze*, from Marlborough High School; *High School Bulletin*, from Lawrence; *The Crescent*, from New Haven; *The Purple*, from Holy Cross College, Worcester; *The Lynn High School Gazette*; *The Mercury*, from Milwaukee, Wis.; *Normal Offering*, from Bridgewater; *The Jabberwock*, from the Girls' Latin School, Boston; *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston; *Our Animal Friends*, New York.

CLASS OF '95.

In our last issue an unfortunate error occurred in the list of "honors" at the Harvard examinations. In several cases *Greek* should have been substituted for *German*. This was the case in the reports of Gillis, McDermott, Merrick, Morrison, Newton, Robinson, Sears, and Urquhart. Hood secured "credit" in *Advanced Greek* instead of *Elementary German*.

The first edition of our September number was soon exhausted, and we had more orders than we could supply, so an extra edition was issued in which the above errors were rectified.

Apropos of the class of '95, there came a letter a short while ago to the Editor from

Seattle, Wash., from H. C. Temple, a member of that class.

The letter is of such interest to Latin School boys that we must beg leave to transcribe parts of it.

He finds, he says, "that many of the residents of Seattle were from the New England States. More of them are from Boston than any other eastern city. The Boston Latin School is a favorite topic here among students, and when the occasion presents itself I contribute my stock of information with some pride. No doubt it will interest you to know that another B. L. S. boy is living in Seattle,—Monks, ex-'95."

Then follows an expression at once of surprise and joy over the "report" that B. L. S. beat Andover five to nothing. Then there is some excellent advice to support the captain of the football team "in every way," for, he assures us, "he is worthy of it."

The letter ends with regards to Mr. Emery and other teachers. Four thousand miles of separation cannot make Latin School graduates forget the school or the teachers.

ALUMNI NOTES.

H. Gardner Nichols, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, is located in Gadsden, Ala., where he has the charge of a cotton mill.

S. R. Dunham, B. L. S. '85, Harvard '89, is an instructor in French at Hopkinson's school. Mr. Underwood is also an instructor in physics there.

E. F. Flanders, B. L. S. '88, is a draper and tailor at 14 Chapman Place.

R. M. Baker, B. L. S. '88, is connected with the Edison Electric Company.

W. P. Tryon, B. L. S. '88, Harvard '92, is studying at the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge.

Wm. K. Norton, B. L. S. '84, is principal of the Nute High School, Milton, N. H.

Starr Parsons, B. L. S. '87, Harvard '91, is practising law in Lynn.

Mr. Horter, formerly a member of the class of '89, is head clerk in the Car Service Department, B. & M. R.R.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

CHAPTER II.

TOM awoke to behold the rising sun tinging the farther river bank with a pink flush. He aroused his still sleeping companions, told them what had occurred and what he had heard from the two strangers, and he explained his plan to them.

The white house had been deserted for two years. Tom would secrete his band in the dwelling and await the coming of the English lieutenant and his companion. He well knew the corners and hiding-places of his old home; so the troopers quietly mounted and, by the light of the rising sun, rode into the yard of the vacant house.

Tom sent four of them to the barn, where they hid behind a large pile of very musty hay. Three he sent to the dilapidated hen-house, where they took some old boxes and seated themselves by the tiny windows. From their situation they commanded a view of the entire yard and the road. Those in the barn, through a rent in the tottering wall, could see the road in the other direction, and the three others, stationed in the house itself, had an extended view on all sides from the broken windows. Then Tom led the horses to their stalls under the barn, where they would be wholly concealed.

The troopers were used to long watches, and, being in small bodies, amused themselves quietly with cards, or story-telling, or cautiously rummaging about the old building, in which each party was confined. The English officer was not expected until the afternoon, and, in their lonely situation, in a deserted house, they were not likely to be disturbed.

Tom warned them to keep perfectly quiet, unless actually attacked, until he should return. Then, picking two of the freshest horses, he rode out of the yard, which he left, to all appearances, wholly unoccupied. Even the excitement could not prevent the tears from coming to Tom's eyes when he beheld his former home in such ruin; but his horse soon took him out of sight of the house, and

he turned toward the residence of an old friend, a Mrs. Neil, with whom his sister, Judith, was awaiting his arrival.

About three miles farther down the road was Mrs. Neil's house, and Tom slowly rode into the yard leading the other horse at his side. What was his surprise to find this house, too, without tenants. Many of the windows were broken and the front door slightly ajar. Tom rode around to the rear of the house, wondering where his sister and her friend, the widow Neil, could be. He noticed a blind of one of the upper windows was closed, and he gave a start and loosened the pistol in his saddle-case as he saw something behind the shutters which seemed to be human eyes; but they disappeared so suddenly that he was sure he was mistaken.

Tom waited in indecision for several moments, and was about to ride away, when he heard his own name called in a low, musical voice, "Tom! Tom!" Turning sharply about, he beheld his sister at the kitchen door beckoning for him to come in. What a burden was lifted from his heart!

After the first happy greetings were exchanged, he looked about for a place to hide the horses. There was no cellar under the house, and no barn standing, but the kitchen floor had rotted quite away, revealing the dark, damp earth underneath. So Tom led the horses in, closed the door after him, and tied their bridles to the stove pipe. Then he bade his sister tell him all about her experience since he had left her.

She had lived undisturbed with the widow Neil for some time, but being greatly alarmed by the rumors of Indians and British soldiery about, had allowed the house to go to ruin, reserving but one room of easy access for themselves. They had smashed many of the windows, torn off square feet of shingling, left the door ajar, and battered the house as much as ax and crowbar, in woman's hands, could do. Feeling much securer from assault in this ruined dwelling, Judith had only to await Tom's coming to take her away to safe country. Mrs. Neil had left but very few hours before Tom's arrival. She had become thoroughly frightened at the reports of the cruel-

ties of Burgoyne's Indian allies upon the farmers, and, knowing that Tom would soon come, had left the poor girl alone in the house.

Tom grumbled somewhat at this apparent desertion, but briefly told his sister his own plans. Upon hearing of her brother's midnight experience, and the wily ambush laid for the English officer, Judith flushed slightly,—from excitement, as Tom thought.

"Well, Jude," said he tenderly, "this neighborhood is too rough for thee, in spite of thy courage and spirit. Take thou the black horse and ride down to Vandert's mill. That's four miles further, thou know'st. Thou canst go to John Langdon's. He still stands by his home."

"Yea, and see fair Betty Langdon," returned Judith archly. It was Tom's turn to flush now, but not from excitement.

"I care not whom thou seest if it be in safe country. I shall meet thee at Langdon's at sundown. If I am not there then, wait thou till the morrow, then make the best of thy way to Uncle Hudson's at Albany. God be with thee."

Tom silently helped his sister mount the black horse, and led him out to the road. "Farewell, Tom," said Judith; and Tom noticed a strange restraint with a touch of sadness in her voice. He watched her as she rode away. Tom thought that, with the possible exception of Betty Langdon, his sister was the handsomest girl he had ever seen.

And Judith Hudson merited his approbation. She was a tall girl, rather slender, with a certain dignity to her springing walk. Her chief beauty was her hair, which was as black as Tom's and hung in glossy waves to her knees, in luxuriant profusion. Her eyes were brown, dark and lustrous, and her voice was as musical as a bird's.

As she rode away, her eyes sparkling, a few locks of her hair, escaped from their net, tossing on the breeze, and her cheek flushed with the exercise, Tom thought she had never looked so beautiful.

When she was out of sight, she turned around to assure herself that she was unobserved, turned sharply from the road into the dense wood, and, letting her horse pick his

way slowly through the underbrush, covered her face with her beautiful hands and sobbed aloud as if her heart were broken. How beautiful she looked, as the sunlight flickered through the green canopy upon her graceful figure and glossy hair, while the animal upon which she was mounted paused to nibble the tender grass at his feet!

But Judith Hudson, though overcome by momentary grief, was not a girl of indecision. She soon raised her eyes, the more beautiful for the tears, looked at the sun, and making a long *détour*, headed her horse in the direction of the pine bluff on the river-bank, and not to the place of safety to which her brother had sent her. "Poor Tom," she murmured to herself; but at the same time a thought flitted across her mind which filled her eyes with an expression of fear and made her urge on her horse to still greater speed.

When she reached the pine grove she found the traces of Tom's encampment, just as he had told her. There she tied her sweating horse and proceeded slowly to a large willow, stunted and deformed, which overhung the river scarcely a quarter of a mile farther down the stream than the place where Tom had overheard the Indian and the soldier. She looked all around her in a guilty way, again and again made certain that no one was watching her, and, with beating heart, reached down in a rotting cavity in the side of the tree. Her heart leaped to her mouth as her hand touched a parchment roll. She carefully withdrew it, crept back to the secrecy of the pine grove, and, sinking on the green turf, began to read the missive through her blinding tears. While she reads, it may not be amiss to acquaint the reader with more details of this beautiful girl's history.

Tom and Judith Hudson, though born in New Jersey, had lived in the vicinity of Fort Edward from their earliest youth. The place was hallowed by remembrances of all their earlier home life,—the death, first of their mother, quickly followed by that of their father, and then the many quiet, though not wholly unhappy, years they had spent together on the old farm. Tom was quite a farmer, and everything was prosperous until the advent

of war. Their neighbors were few, but friendly. The family most intimate with them was the Jones family, one which had lived there as long as they had, and whose six boys had become fast friends of the Hudson orphans. One of the Jones boys, David, was studying to be a doctor. He used to visit the Hudson home perhaps with more desire to see Judith than to see Tom. Tom never fancied him very much on account of his strong Tory principles, for the Hudsons were staunch and violent Whigs. Many were the heated arguments that they had about the "divine right of kings" and the taxes.

But David, if overcome in an argument, could always obtain far greater joy than such a wordy victory might bring him in the company of Judith Hudson. In the wild state of society and the frequent associations of neighborhood, the young man's love had progressed rapidly; and when Tom would chaff his sister about her "Tory lover," the blush that mantled her cheeks would verify the truth of the insinuation. The course of this true love was undisturbed until the outbreak of open hostilities, when David with his brothers had joined the king's troops. He was entrusted with a lieutenant's commission, and his company had been assigned to Burgoyne's army,—a circumstance that took him back to the scenes of his early life and unforgotten love. During a foraging expedition David went by chance to Mrs. Neil's, where he saw Judith for the first time for two years. The recognition was mutual, and Lieutenant Jones, having sent his soldiers away empty-handed and disappointed at not being allowed to plunder, sought an interview with her. He saw Judith at sunset, at a clear rill that leaped down a grassy bank and helped to swell the blue waters of the river that bore her own name.

Making a slight noise to forewarn her, he stepped quietly from the border of the wood and called her name. The meeting was passionate and intense. It was a renewal of the old love, strengthened by two years of restraint and waiting. Many and long were the sweet farewells, but David expressed a fond hope of seeing her again when he should obtain a short leave. He told her that he would leave a

missive in the hollow willow when he might meet her again; but there was so much playfulness in his tone and caress that she hardly took it seriously.

At last, unable to wait longer for a sight of the woman who was everything to him, he made arrangements for a day's absence; and having been informed by Judith herself of Tom's expected arrival, had sent a private, under a heavy bribe of secrecy, to deposit his letter. The soldier had been joined by an Indian in the British army, and the reader knows the rest.

Poor Judith was in despair. She thought of Tom's disappointment should he fail to make the capture. She shuddered as she remembered his exultant hope of taking a prisoner of rank. Poor Tom! She loved Tom, and wanted to help him, but— She clasped her hand involuntarily to her heart. If her lover went to meet her at her deserted home and encountered Tom, she knew David's fiery temper well enough to know that he would make a desperate attempt at escape and most probably would be shot down by the concealed troopers. He might be killed by Tom's own hand. She read the letter again. "Alas," thought she, "my senses betrayed me not. When dear Tom told me of an English lieutenant's meeting somebody there this afternoon, there was that in my heart which told me 't was David."

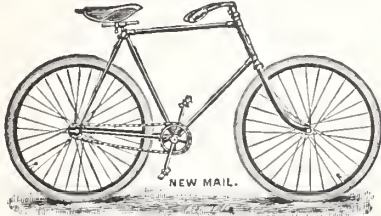
With this suspicion had she disobeyed her brother's directions, had sought the willow and had her apprehension confirmed by the fatal message even then in her hands. With her usual promptness she resolved what to do. She would wait and warn him, for David would come along the path that followed the shore. She thought of Tom's chagrin and perhaps disgrace before General Schuyler. But what is disgrace compared with death? She thought fondly of Tom, but wavered not a moment in her fixed intent.

Slowly the hours of the day dragged by, and the position of the sun showed that it was nearly three of the clock, when she beheld a person in the well-known scarlet uniform coming slowly down the overgrown wood road that opened on the beach. With one short cry she was in David's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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